

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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HOPES UNREALIZED.

A barefoot babe on the beach one day
Laughing in childish glee
Called, as she launched her fragile toy,
"I've sent my ship to sea!
I pushed it off when the tide went out,
It quickly sailed away,
I hope the waves will bring it back
With heaps of shells, some day."

Oh happy child by the shining sea,
Rocks line the ocean, but to you
Smooth;
Breakers are just ahead;
Some ships return, to the haven safe,
Laden with richest stores;
Others have sailed o'er the restless deep
And found a barren shore.

A maiden, fair as a summer morn,
Stood on the gleaming sand
And watched a ship as it sailed away
Leaving the lonely strand;
A tear-drop dimmed her rosy face;
She murmured to the sea,
"O, when the voyage is finished quite,
Bring safe my ship to me!"

Alas! you may watch through the blinding
tears
Your vessel fair depart,
But life flows on as the ocean tide,
And hope sustains the heart;
True love ere thine has said farewell,
When tears fell down like rain,
And many have longed for freighted ships,
To find their yearning vain.

With patient tread on a storm-vent coast
A woman, bent and gray,
Peered thro' the mists where cold shadows
creep,
Searching for ships astray.
O, woman's heart, as you wait to-day
Your own to come again,
You are not alone, the deeps of life
Hide treacherous reefs of pain.

Sweet child, fair maid, and the woman old,
All tell me story o'er
Of toy ships they have sent to sea,
That come to them no more.
May the longed-for ships at last come in
Where'er true hearts await,
And all of us find them harbored safe,
Bearing their precious freight.

—Margaret Scott Hall, in the Christian
Observer.

How I Married My Grandmother.

It was five years ago. The affair began then, but before I say any more let me recall to your mind the fact that I was always regarded in the family as my grandfather's heir. The title and entailed estate would go, of course, to his eldest son, my uncle, but the greater part of his vast wealth would come to me. In fact, he had so declared. I had lost both parents when but a child, and I had grown to manhood under his immediate care, for he had long been a widower. My father had been his favorite son. What more natural than that I should be the preferred one? There was this understanding, however, between my grandfather and myself: I must never marry without his approval. Marry! I had no thought of it. My rollicking bachelor life pleased me too well to exchange it for any other.

And that sort of existence lasted until I was twenty-seven, and then it was brought to an abrupt close by—what do you suppose? Well, a girl's face, nothing more—a girl's face seen for a brief moment only at a window as I was changing carriages at Bolton station. You smile. I don't wonder, but I declare to you that from thenceforth I knew no peace of mind. That face was ever before me, looking out from under a dainty gypsy hat, pale, pure, perfect in outline, with a luxuriant mass of soft brown hair full of silvery ripples, dark eyes, a little red mouth and shining white teeth.

"Some dreamy little chit," I said to myself again and again, "with a pretty face and a head full of romance. I wished I had never seen her. At all events, it is highly probable that we have met for the first and last time; so I'll forget her."

Brave words! I could not forget her, and just then, to add to my perplexity, my regiment was ordered off to India.

A few days before embarking I received a letter from my grandfather, Sir John Halbrooke, urging me to run down to The Towers in order that I might meet the lady who was destined to be my future wife. My answer was short and to the point:

Dear Grandfather—I have no desire to marry. Besides, I start for India in two weeks, so I have no time for courtship. But I shall run down to The Towers to see you.
Your affectionate, etc.

The old gentleman's answer was equally concise and explicit:

My Dear Grandson—If you come to The Towers with the intention of putting your self entirely in my hands, I shall be overjoyed to see you. If you attempt to enter my house with any other intention, I'll have you kicked out, and if you go to India, I hope to heaven that you'll be shot.
Your affectionate, etc.

What could be done in the face

of such an epistle as this? Evidently nothing, so I cheerfully made my preparations for departure, and before we sailed—I am glad to remember this—before we sailed I wrote again to Sir John, but this time it was a letter full of gratitude and affection and earnest regrets that I could not do as he desired.

To this I received no answer, but a month after my arrival in India I read the announcement of the baronet's death, and the same paper contained his marriage notice. A letter from his solicitors explained the mystery.

My grandfather had been severely injured while overlooking some renovations which were being made at The Towers, and, feeling that death was fast approaching, he had almost at the last moment married the only child and heiress of Hubert Monckton, Esq.

"Moreover," wrote the lawyer, "by your grandfather's will you inherit something above £50,000, provided you consent to marry the lady with whom he went through the ceremony of marriage on his deathbed. Otherwise you receive not a penny of his fortune."

Had the man gone mad? Marry my grandmother? For, word it as they might, the ugly fact was still there—the woman was my grandmother.

Bristling with indignation, I wrote to Sir John's lawyer—not very civilly, I fear, but very energetically. I am sure. In the first place, I said I would not accept a penny of Sir John Halbrooke's fortune as a free gift. In the next, I would not accept the whole of it burdened with a single restricting clause, and, in conclusion, I not only refused to marry the widow, but absolutely declined holding any communication whatever with her.

"And say to my grandmother," I added, "that the world is wide enough and there are men enough in it for her to seek whom she may devour elsewhere and not among those whom the law of the land now declares to be her own kith and kin. Let her cast her eyes among the strangers at her gates and not upon her grandson!"

That ended the matter, and I was troubled with no more letters about it. Two years afterward I returned to England on leave, and then fate, in the person of General Ashland, led me down to Surrey for a fortnight's shooting.

Ah, my dear fellow, it is only the old story over again. I went down to Surrey and met there—whom do you suppose? Well, the girl whose face—seen once and for a moment only—had haunted me for years.

She was a distant relative of my host. Yes, and I loved her desperately not for her beauty alone, but for the pure goodness, kindness and unselfishness of her heart, which were constantly and unthinkingly revealing themselves in a thousand artless little ways.

So, as you may guess, my two weeks at Ashland Park were on to four, and I still lingered, even until the dying leaves were rustling feebly in the mellow air of a belated autumn.

And one clear, starlit evening, when Helen and I were sauntering among the trim flower beds that were cut in the soft green turf of the terrace, I told her the secret of my heart—its hope, its fear, its sweet unrest.

When I ceased, my companion looked up at me wonderingly, and upon my honor, tears were glistening in her pretty eyes.

"What!" she said. "Are you sure? Do you love me—me? Oh, Colonel Halbrooke, how could you? Indeed, it cannot—cannot be!"

"Because your heart is given elsewhere, I suppose? But, Helen, I cannot let you go from me! I love you! Oh, my darling, how shall I live all the long weary years of my life without you?"

"Hush!" she cried sharply. "Sir! do you know—do you know who I am?"

"Indeed, yes! The sweetest little girl in the wide world!"

"No, sir, I am not. Colonel Halbrooke, I am your grandmother!"

And standing there by the broad stone coping she told me all—how her parents had died when she was little more than an infant, and Sir John, her guardian, had watched over her with jealous care; always keeping her at school, however, until he brought her home to The Towers, a young lady.

She had heard of me. She knew all about her guardian's intentions and my persistent refusal to see her. And when Sir John lay dying and appealed to her to marry him, in order to secure certain property which would otherwise pass to the next of kin she consented.

"Not for myself, Colonel Halbrooke," she continued, "for I inherited a fortune, but for you. The property has been sold, according to instructions, and the money coming from the sale is yours. Sir John wished you to take it. He often said that your allowance was paltry compared with what should have been yours and would have been, too, had your father not left so many debts behind him."

"You are privileged to speak as you please about my father," I murmured. "Were he living, you would be his mother."

"Don't be ridiculous, sir!" cried her ladyship sharply. "And if you are trying to mortify me you may as well understand that you cannot succeed. I meant to do right, and I regret nothing that I have done. I did not know any thing of your grandfather's foolish wishes about us until his will was read."

"Do I understand that the money is really mine, Helen?"

"Yes; all yours."

"Well, I want it."

"You shall have it. Never fear. But are you so frightfully in debt?"

There is in our fraternity a certain wag who can spin stories by the yard, but for some reason will not write them up for our publications.

One evening he was regaling us with an account of how he, when a college boy, delighted in going with other Gallaudet students to the theatre, and as soon as the performance was over, they would hurry out, line up in front of the theatre, and raise their umbrellas.

The theatre-goers, upon reaching the door and seeing the umbrellas up, would quickly open their umbrellas before stepping out into the street, and the spectacle of a throng of people marching down street with umbrellas raised while the sky was cloudless—and sometimes the moon shining brightly down upon them—raised such shouts of laughter from the ever-present hoodlum element, that the umbrellas quickly came down. Doubtless this will meet the eyes of a number of the wag's companions in crime, and they will chuckle as they recall the old times in Washington.

Another story to which he treated us concerns himself and a certain member of our fraternity who woos Fame so assiduously that she has hysterics.

As they sauntered along the street, one day, the wag's companion commenced a story which he confidently expected would make the wag laugh as he never laughed before, and as he reached the climax, he looked around into his wagish comrade's face, expecting to see it convulsed.

But not a muscle was twitching. Instead, his wagship wore his gravest expression, and his companion's face fell accordingly.

As it happened, a horse was hitched by the sidewalk, and they reached it just at the moment the story was finished, and just as they reached it, the beast whinnied loud and long.

Turning to his companion, the wag said benevolently, "The horse enjoyed your story, see him laugh!"

That story-teller is still trying to get even with the wag.

Thus far had we proceeded, more than two months ago, when our time was "called"; the letter was pigeon-holed, and since then, until recently, our time has not been our own, so the letter reposed in the pigeon-hole.

But we have missed the other representative of the family from the JOURNAL columns for three or four weeks running, and lest the great and good and glorious name of Smith sink into oblivion, we seize once more our rusty pen.

After a long absence, we are

home again. We yielded to the tempter and went to the busy, glaring, bustling city, to spend the severer months of winter and early spring amid the comforts to which we were accustomed before we invested in this village home, and while we might have done worse by remaining at home and depending upon coal-stoves for heat, we will not say that we are ready to repeat the experience next year, for twice we measured forces with La Grippe, in the city, and came out second best, something entirely unknown while domiciled at home.

The moral seems so plain that, "He who runs may read."

Of course the JOURNAL came to us regularly during our absence, and we took note of events as reported, and wished that there were more and busier reporters.

Upon our return from a former trip, we called down upon our devoted head the condemnation of "The Other Smith," by announcing that we returned heart-whole.

This time we'll admit that we returned with our heart dissected into such little pieces, that we doubt the ability of any one mortal to gather and bind them up again, and promise that whoever can accomplish the feat may have the whole heart, without reserve.

There! Fra "Other Smith," have we won your commendation this time?

Really, we met some lovely people of both sexes, some of whom we should be glad to have with us always, (please do not insist upon our specifying.)

A Two-Months'-Old Letter and a Postscript.

"Do they miss me at home, do they miss me?"

We've absented ourselves from the JOURNAL columns quite a while, relying upon the now fully awakened "Other Smith" to keep the family name before the public.

He's a walking encyclopaedia dictionary. If you don't see what you want to know, drop him a hint, he will enlighten you by next JOURNAL.

We've settled down to "sit by the fire and spin" (yarns?) until the middle of March, since Mr. Groundhog came out into such dazzling sunlight that he straight-away scurried back into his winter quarters.

Cutters are flying about the streets. Every one who has any sort of sleigh or sled seems bent upon getting the most enjoyment possible out of the snow while it lasts.

It reminds us of one clear, cold Sunday afternoon long ago

"When Life and Love and Hope were young."

When we started out for a sleigh-ride with our very, very best, behind a pair of high-stepping three-year-old colts.

We skimmed lightly along, happy as robins in cherry-time, until we essayed to turn a corner in the outskirts of town, were a little plank bridge without railing, spanned a ditch. The flying colts made too sharp a turn, and there was a turn-over, for one runner missed the bridge, and cutter and occupants landed in a heap in the ditch, which was full of snow.

However, the only damage done was to our vanity, and that has since had time to recover, ahem!

There is in our fraternity a certain wag who can spin stories by the yard, but for some reason will not write them up for our publications.

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There! Fra "Other Smith," have we won your commendation this time?

Really, we met some lovely people of both sexes, some of whom we should be glad to have with us always, (please do not insist upon our specifying.)

Our idea of happiness on earth, is the companionship of spirits so thoroughly congenial, that weariness of that companionship, or desire for change, is impossible, and we doubt if we could ever weary of the company of some of those we met while away.

In a February issue of the JOURNAL, was a communication handed to "Chicago," for publication, whereat many who at once recognized the bachelor referred to, smiled broadly. It purported to be the bachelor's opinion of "women," and to have been penned on St. Valentine's day.

Below we append the reply of one of the readers who smiled, and admits that she does not know whether she was born to love, to backbite, with a tongue cut after the pattern of a Chinese puzzle, or whether she is one of the "sweet angels" referred to.

Men are all alike, only they differ vastly.

Some are born manly; they bear the stamp of their Divine Maker on the brow, sincerity in the eye, honor in the heart; they go forth into the world to carve their destiny, as heroes go to the salvation of their country, courageous, conscientious, high-minded, and disdain the thought of failure or dependence.

Some know not manliness, would not recognize it if they saw it, lying on a bargain-counter in the open market, and can never be accused of having the article in their possession.

Some of these smell of beer and tobacco, and would rather play cards and loaf around saloons where free lunches are served, or stand on the street-corner with hands gloved (in their pockets), and expectorate for the edification of passersby, than own the finest home in the country—if they must earn it by real work.

Some of the former are such uncrowned kings, such "Nature's Noblemen," that a woman is proud and happy to take her place by the side of one of them, and finds her life's happiness in making his home life as nearly like heaven as she can.

Some of the latter have such infinitesimally small souls that one would search in vain to discover them with the most powerful microscope in Dr. Harper's famous University; they are caricatures of their Maker, without ambition, pride, honor, or even sufficient industry to provide for their own wants, and any woman with a thimbleful of sense of an atom of spunk, would rather be an "old maid" forty times over than throw away her chances of happiness by linking her fate with such. Nine cases out of ten she would rue it before the honeymoon had fully waned, and would be compelled to

turn to her needle or the wash-tub to help her miserable partner eke out a living. Selah!"

We met an original character—at least for deaf circles—while we were away, a young lady whom we hope to see more of yet, although we confess that at our first meeting we did not find her interesting.

Sometimes we are misled by one of these sedate, quiet-looking girls, into thinking that she is a mere doll, without ideas of her own, or the wit to express them if she had. But, look out!

We were one of a party that boarded a car after an entertainment one evening, and as we bowed along home, we spoke in a reminiscent way of the change that time had made in his personal appearance since we first met another of the party. Perhaps we hurt his vanity in referring to his lank looks at the time we made his acquaintance, (and in truth he would then have made an ideal member of the far-famed "Awkward Squad,") or perhaps he feared that the pretty girl beside him—who is not only pretty, but gifted in many ways, and a prize well worth trying for—would look with less favor upon him if she thought his age dated too far. So, although he has sometime since begun to wear his hair "decollete," and will never again see the early thirties, he turned to her and explained, "I was a child then."

(May he be forgiven for that whopper!)

Turning her demure face enquiringly by upon him, she asked innocently, "Were you speaking of your second childhood?" Then passed around that party, the merry "Ha, ha!" and the subject was changed.

At another time, much the same party met at a street-corner in a drizzling rain, and as all were bound for home by the same route, and one of the party had no umbrella, our hero of the former episode drew the only lady in the party under his capacious umbrella, which then sheltered three, his demure companion of the former occasion being again under his protection.

It may be that, to save her spring wrap, he drew the lady they met rather closer to him than was absolutely necessary, of course we cannot judge; however, the demure damsel who accompanied him evidently saw nothing, and in a few moments all were seated comfortably in the car.

Then, as they bowed merrily along, the demure Miss turned to her companion, and said she had just learned of a little affair between him and the lady who joined them.

"Between us? No!" he protested, and "Heavens! it is a vile slander!" the lady exclaimed indignantly, both at the same time.

"But I had the evidence with my own eyes," persisted the demure one, and as they only gazed at her in complete bewilderment, she added naively, "It is that you two have formed a union of hands and hearts, and her quiet smile seemed to add, 'Now what are you going to do about it? Deny it you can't.'"

Then as the umbrella episode flashed upon him, the gallant collapsed with a broad grin, but the lady didn't know a thing about it, so there!

And now we must ring off or this letter will be pigeon-holed again indefinitely. Greetings to all distant friends.

SMITH.

Why He Informed the Robber.

Years ago Major Patterson, traveling on the railroad through Western Kansas, fell into conversation with a congenial St. Louis man who remarked that he had an excellent scheme for hiding his money.

"I simply put it under the sweat-band of my hat," he said, "and no robber in the world would ever think of looking there for cash."

With that he pulled off his hat and showed where he had \$250 "planted" as he described. About an hour later, says the San Francisco Argonaut, the train was suddenly halted while it was turning a lonely ravine, and in a few moments a masked man entered the car and began to systematically loot the passengers, while two other robbers kept them covered with shotguns from the doors.

When the fellow reached the major he looked up coolly and declared that he had less than a dollar in his pocket. "Now, if you'll leave me that and my watch," he said, "I'll tell you something worth knowing."

That fellow in the next seat has \$250 under the sweatband of his hat.

"All right," said the robber, "keep your watch and chicken feed," and he proceeded to confiscate the other passenger's cash.

When the agony was all over, and the marauders had departed, the St. Louis man turned around, bursting with rage and indignation.

"That was a dirty, low-down trick!" he roared, "and I'm going to hold you accountable for every cent of my money!"

"I expected you to, my friend," replied the major, quietly, "and here is the amount. You see," he added, "I happen to be a paymaster in the United States Army, and I have a matter of \$40,000 in this valise by my feet. Under the circumstances I felt justified in temporarily sacrificing your little \$250 to divert attention. I shall charge it up to the Government as 'extra expense in transportation of funds.'"

Peculiarities of Lichens.

The lichen is remarkable for the great age to which it lives, there being good grounds for believing that the plants endure for 100 years. Their growth is exceedingly slow, almost beyond belief, indicating that only a little nourishment is necessary to keep them alive. In a dry time they have the power to suspend growth altogether, renewing it again at the fall of rain. This peculiarity alone is enough to make the lichen a vegetable wonder, as it is a property possessed by no other species of plant.

Another interesting fact about lichens is that they grow only where the air is free from dust and smoke. They may be said to be a sure indication of the purity of the air, as they are never found growing in cities and towns, where the atmosphere is impregnated with dust, soot, smoke and other impurities.

CONVENTION

OF THE

Empire State Association.

The twenty-third Convention of the Empire State Association of the Deaf will be held in Troy, N. Y., in August, the exact date to be announced shortly. Mr. C. A. Buxley, of Troy, has been appointed Chairman of the local Committee, and with him will be associated others to be appointed later.

Owing to extensive alterations and repairs contemplated at the Fanwood School this Summer, and Mr. Currier's desire that the Association meet at Fanwood when we come to New York, it was considered best to have the Convention in Troy this summer, where we are sure a good time and a royal welcome await us.

C. O. DANTZER,

Secretary.

Per order

ALEX. L. PACH,

President.

How Lincoln Refused.

Judge Glenni W. Scofield was a personal friend of Abraham Lincoln. A Warren county private, having knocked down his captain, was tried, convicted and sentenced to the Dry Tortugas. His friends urged Scofield to have him released, so he went to see the President and told his story. Listening attentively, Lincoln replied: "I tell you, judge, you go right down to the capitol and get congress to pass an act authorizing a private soldier to knock down his captain. Then come back here, and I will pardon your man."

The judge says that there was such an air of quizzical earnestness and desire to serve him about the President's manner that they both broke out in an outburst of laughter. The judge did not press the case further.

NEW YORK, MAY 8, 1902.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 163rd Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

One Copy, one year, \$1.00
If not paid within six months, 1.50

CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the
DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York.

"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

If the wraith of Bobby Burns will permit the liberty, we would like to note incidentally that the best laid paths of mice and men gang off a-gley—the rodents being known as Japanese dancing mice, and the men, deaf men. The connection between these mice and the deaf, in general, will be made more apparent by the perusal of an article on Japanese dancing mice by Dr. G. Alexander and Prof. Q. Kreidl, a translation of which, in part, appears in the current issue of the *Review of Reviews*.

"These curious mice appear to be intoxicated with some melody that is inaudible to our senses. They start out in a straight course, then suddenly begin to whirl in a wild dance, running faster and faster in a circle; finally break away at a tangent, only to get caught and whirled in another circle by the same invisible force, and so on around the cage, as if impelled by the Pied Piper of Hamelin."

Investigation by the learned savants, however, dispels the idea that the mice are trained and are doing it just for fun. They are deaf. That's all. And being deaf they are given to occupying a very wide path in the course of their progression, a method of locomotion not wholly unknown to the deaf of the *genus homo*.

With the thoroughness of the German investigator, Dr. Alexander and Prof. Kreidl have gone to the bottom of things. They maintain that "the primary use of the ear, when it first appeared in the evolution of special organs for special functions," was for the maintaining of the equilibrium. To prove this they point to fishes, which have ears without any special need for hearing. If the ears be lost or injured, the fish cannot retain its customary position in the water.

The dancing mice have very defective ears, the internal organism of which remains in an embryonic state throughout the life of the animal.

It is when Dr. Alexander and Prof. Kreidl argue from their minute investigation of the mice to human beings that they slip up. They attempt to confine similar phenomena in men to those born deaf, whereas, the peculiarity of locomotion is far more apparent in the non-congenital deaf and the partially deaf—if not confined exclusively to them. There is still room for further investigation of this subject.

RELIGIOUS SERVICE.

MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
N. E. Corner Seventy-third Street.

Sermon to the deaf by the pastor, Rev. Howard Agnew Johnston, D.D., every Sunday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. A cordial welcome to all.

Bible Class, at eight o'clock, taught by Mrs. Wm. H. Rose.

A Lemon Social, Friday evening, May 16. Admission fee, one large lemon.

Strawberry Festival during the second week of June. Date announced next week.

Rev. Mr. Van Allen's Appointment.
MAY.

11—11:00 A.M.—St. Paul's Syracuse, Holy Communion.
11—3:00 P.M.—St. Peter's Auburn.
11—7:30 P.M.—St. Paul's Syracuse, Evening Prayer.
12—10:30 A.M.—St. Paul's Troy.
12—3:00 P.M.—St. George's, Schenectady.
12—7:30 P.M.—Christ Church, Herkimer.
Mr. Van Allen's address is now 31 Grove Place, Utica, N. Y.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

An Evening with the Lit.

BASE BALL VICTORY.

Salmagundi.

From our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 5, 1902.—"A Night of Terror" was the subject of a highly entertaining and electrifying lecture by Mr. Arthur D. Bryant, '80, before our Literary Society, last Friday evening. Mr. Bryant, being a master of the sign language, recounted in dramatic style the events preceding and leading up to the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. His descriptions were given so well that many imagined they really saw the occurrence of the dreadful events. This lecture was the best and only redeeming feature of a programme given below. At the close the members tendered him a rising vote of thanks. What took place after this is given as follows:—

DEBATE: Resolved, That the benefits of party government are greater than its evils. Affirmatives, Messrs. Nowell, '05, and Lee, I. C.; Negatives, Messrs. Stevens, '05, and Clark, I. C.

DIALOGUE: "Young Debaters".....
.....Messrs. Hewetson, '05, and Garret, '05.

DECLARATION: "Alonzo, The Brave, and The Fair Imogene".....Mr. Cowley, '05.

The subject for debate was uninteresting, the dialogue puerile and the declamation fair. The speakers, themselves, made poor showings and deserve more criticism.

The baseball team was at Roanoke, Va., last Saturday, where our boys crossed bats with the strong team representing Roanoke College. The game was a very good one, McDonough pitching fine ball. The score was 7 to 2 in our favor.

ROANOKE.	A	B	R	H	P	O	A	E
Palmer, P., 1b.	3	1	1	6	0	1	0	
Kirby, 3b.	4	0	0	3	1	0	0	
Kay, c.	4	0	1	2	3	0	0	
Hacked, 2b.	4	0	1	7	0	0	0	
Greenland, l. f.	4	0	0	2	0	0	0	
Miller, c. f.	3	0	1	1	2	1	0	
Palmer, R., s. s.	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	
Byrd, r. f.	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	
Pope, p.	3	0	0	2	0	0	0	
Total	31	2	4	24	4	4	4	

GALLAUDET.	A	B	R	H	P	O	A	E
Geiffuss, 3b.	4	1	0	2	2	1	0	
McDonough, p.	4	0	1	2	3	0	0	
Lawrence, 2b.	4	0	0	5	4	1	0	
Rosson, s. s.	4	0	1	0	4	0	0	
Mennier, c. f.	3	1	0	2	0	0	0	
Waters, l. f.	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	
Lawrence, 3b.	2	2	0	15	0	0	0	
Burghert, 2b.	4	1	2	1	2	1	0	
Worley, r. f.	3	0	1	0	1	0	0	
Total	30	7	5	27	16	2	0	

Earned runs—Gallaudet, 1; Roanoke, 0. Double plays—Geiffuss to Lawrence; Kirby, unassisted. Two base hits, Palmer. Base on balls, off McDonough, 1; off Pope, 5. Struck out, by McDonough, 5; by Pope, 5. Hit by pitched ball, by McDonough, 1; by Pope, 1. Passed balls, Kay 1. Time of game, 2 hours, 10 minutes. Umpire, Mr. Fox, of Roanoke.

Preparations for Presentation Day are now in progress, especially in the chapel. There is also a lot of house cleaning going on and everything will look spick and span when visitors through Kendall Green next Wednesday. The usual exhibitions by students and pupils in the Kendall School will be on hand. At our next writing we will give a full account of the exercises of the day.

A few days ago, Manager Erickson of the Track and Field team, received an invitation from the local Y. M. C. A. to enter contestants at their forthcoming races some time this month. It was also proposed to have a special relay race between Gallaudet, J. H. U., and Columbian University. It is needless to say that this was quickly accepted, and our track candidates can again be seen at regular practice.

The meet with St. John's, which had been scheduled for May 3d, did not materialize, because St. John's backed out soon after the relay races at Philadelphia. It is believed that St. John's considers us too strong for them, but the opinion hereabouts is different. This put a damper on the training of the track men for a short while.

The Loving cup which Howe Phelps, '05, promised to give to the member of our team who scored the best batting average for the season, is now on exhibition in the trophy case. It is a small but handsome affair; the sight of it should spur all on to their best efforts.

We forgot to state in a former letter that the lion skin which John H. Clark, '02, had sent to a taxidermist to be put in condition for parlor use, has been received and now makes his room look "heap much" better. The "horse blanket" still keeps it company. Word has been received by certain of the students that Daniel E. Moran, '01, has been appointed to the position of boys' supervisor in the Colorado School.

Rev. Job Turner, at the ripe old age of 82, was once more seen on the Green last week. He comes and goes, talks and jokes at all times, in spite of the weight of years. One would really take him for a man of 60, so active is he. The Hop Committee is rather

busy these days. They are putting the gymnasium in shape for the coming farewell dance to the Senior class, which takes place next Friday evening. By the way, the Senior class are also busy making preparations for the class day to be held next Thursday.

Straw hats are much in evidence now. The increasing warm weather is to blame.

Mrs. Ella Zell, mother of Miss Ethel Zell, '02 arrived in Washington from Columbus, Ohio, last Friday and expects to remain on the Green about a week. She is looking very well. The Ohio crowd, numbering five, which will be presented for dress next Wednesday, must be immensely pleased to have one of the home folks with them.

Arthur Lawrence Roberts, '04, has delivered my eulogy in advance of my death in last week's *Register*, so I could enjoy it while alive. I wish to assure my esteemed friend that it has pleased me immensely, for I have often longed, as the Scottish bard did, when he said:

"O, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us."

For his unsolicited kindness my poetical friend has won my lasting gratitude, and to prove my sincerity as well as admitting my interest in him, I will furnish my future author of "American Literature" with material concerning the poetical works of Gallaudet's budding young songster. As a poet he shines like a brilliant luminary, his ascension having commenced last year, when he undertook to defend Edgar Allan Poe, with the following lines:

"What courage ye would with to an end,
No mortal man has e'er shown
Before or since;
And thine enemies sought thee out,
When they were not fit to touch
The garments of a saint,
Who were but paltry, passing things
Of no worth to any one,
When they so stooped to ruin thee.
In all thy proud glory and sense of right:
Because ye hurried thy damning proof at them,
And quenched them with one stroke
Of thy great pen."

Among Mr. Roberts' finest poems may be mentioned "Swallows." In his daily routine of college duties he does not exhibit any great desire to soar in realms beyond reach, because he often strikes a snag in Trigonometry, Chemistry and Botany, which keep him on earth continually. Listen to the sweet refrain:

"How I would that I were you
Winging through the heavens blue
In the fall,
Seeking sunny Southland warm,
Ere the ragging mists of storm
And icy pall."

One day a fair co-ed tickled him almost to death by pinning an imaginary rose to his coat lapel. The memory of it haunted him so long that the Muse bade him sing:

"Oh, withered rose, thy petals once were crimson red
And rivaled well the scarlet carmine
Beautiful,
Of thy fair lady's lips, but now are pale and dead."

Of course, there isn't a grain of truth in the above, but our friend is imaginary; he does not have to see or experience what he writes.

As a genuine spring poet, there is not a single student at Gallaudet that can hold a candle to him, even half way. Listen again:

"When through the budding roses scattered
Wide I go,
In the glad spring-time of the year;
And see the flowing sweetness swaying to
A fro,
What song is it that greets me leary."

We imperfectly remember of having seen our dear little friend trudging laboriously over grassy fields, and through leafless woods, in a successful search of new (?) specimens for Prof. Day's botanical counter in the laboratory. The fair one was ever by his side and so why should you wonder that he sings such truthful, toneful lays.

"In the warm spring-time, wild and free."
Miss Bessie McGregor, '01, has been spending the past week with Miss Annie Barry at Baltimore, Md. Miss Nellie V. Hayden, '02, is enjoying a visit from her cousin from Pennsylvania.

Mrs. E. M. Gallaudet is on the sick list.

The *Deaf World* of last week says in its Baltimore correspondence, that Gallaudet played a game of ball with the Maryland School boys. This is an untruth. We never thought of playing them and are not going to this season.

W. F. SCHNEIDER.

BUFFALO AND ROCHESTER.

Schedule of Services and Meetings.

BUFFALO.

Second Sunday of each month (in the basement of St. Paul's Church, entrance on Pearl Street, near Church Street), 11 A.M. Holy Communion.

All other Sundays (on the second floor of the Parish House, 128 Pearl Street, opposite St. Paul's Church), 8 P.M. Evening Prayer.

Second and Fourth Fridays, 8 P.M. Meeting of the Pan-Pan Society (in the Parish House).

ROCHESTER.

In Parish House of St. Luke's Church. First Sunday of month, 11 A.M. Holy Communion.

Second and Fourth Sundays, 7:30 P.M. Evening Prayer.

Third Sunday, 11 A.M. Morning Prayer.

First Thursday of month, 8 P.M. Ladies' Aid Society.

All other Thursdays, 8 P.M. Social gatherings.

Mrs. T. J. N. Rogers, of Jacksonville, Illinois, is expected in Yates City, Ill., with her two little ones, at an early day, to spend the summer with Mr. Rogers' aged parents.

FANWOOD.

Arbor Day Observance at Fanwood.

FUN ON THE DIAMOND.

The Week's Doings.

(From the Regular Correspondent.)

Friday afternoon, at two o'clock, the teachers and pupils assembled in the chapel to observe Arbor Day, in obedience to the Laws of the State of New York. Before the meeting was opened, the "Star Spangled Banner" was brought in the chapel, the drum corps sounding a salute, while there was tremendous applause by all in general. Principal Currier opened the meeting with an address, dwelling on Arbor Day, its value, and why it was celebrated. He next spelled the Lord's Prayer, all following him orally. Mr. Fox then read the law regarding the observance of Arbor Day, and the letter of the Superintendent of Public Instruction, Hon. Charles R. Skinner, to the teachers and to the pupils. The next on the program was a recitation, "Little Garden Beds," given by a class of little girls from the kindergarten, under the direction of Miss McGill. They did it very well. Five girls from Miss Berry's class were the next to come upon the platform. Three of them were dressed to represent clovers, one a doctor, while the fifth was a maiden in search of a four-leaved clover. They spelled and acted a song named "A Four-leaved Case," which is given below:

Her sisters shunned her, half in fear
And half in pity, "Tis too bad
She is not made as we—poor dear!"
(Four leaves instead of three she had.)

Said Doctor Bee: "Her case is rare
And due to influence prenatal
To amputate I would not dare
The operation might be fatal."

"With rest and care and simple food
She may outlive both you and me;
A change of scene might do her good."
(One bag of honey was his fee.)

"Take me! Take me!" the clovers cry,
To a maid bending wistful-eyed,
With gentle hand she puts them by,
Till all but one are passed aside.

Ere her sister's wondering eyes
Her leaves with kisses are told over,
"At last! At last!" the maiden cries,
"I've found you, little four-leaved clover!"

"Woodman, Spare that Tree," was rendered in signs by Miss Louise Turner. She was followed by Miss Burchard's class of boys, numbering nearly fifteen. They lined up on the platform and spelled a song called "Johnny Apploused." Before they began, Principal Currier asked if anyone knew who Johnny Apploused was. None answered. The readers of this column may be curious to know who he was, so it is herewith given. He was a boy who had a habit of planting seeds wherever he went. When he ate an apple or a peach or a pear, he put the seeds carefully in a pouch he carried, and when he reached a fertile valley, where he thought a family would surely come to live some time, the seeds were carefully planted. So he travelled over many States leaving the seeds behind him. They grew up to be trees and gave happiness to many people after he was gone. He was contented to be without a name, so they called him Johnny Apploused. The class recited the following:

I love to plant a little seed
Whose fruit I never see;
Some hungry stranger it will feed,
When it becomes a tree.

I love to sing a little song
Whose words attune the day,
And round me see the children throng
When I begin to play.

So I can never lonely be,
Although I am alone;
I think of future apple trees
Which help the men unknown,

Using my heart into the air,
And plant my way with seed,
The song sends music everywhere,
The tree will tell my deed.

The tree on the program of the chapel exercises was Mr. Jones, who gave a very fine reading of the thirty-first chapter of Ezekiel, third to ninth verses. The whole assemblage then marched, headed by the drum corps and flag, to the spot selected for the planting. It was on the girls' lawn on the south side of the Institution. The tree was a sugar maple (*Acer saccharina*). It was named in honor of the late Mr. Avery T. Brown. The Principal remarked that a more appropriate name could not be found, and that if any one had anything to say about Mr. Brown, to speak it now. Then the tree was planted, the Principal, teachers, captains and tutors and two of the blind-deaf pupils—Miss McGirr and Orris Benson—in turn depositing a shovelful of earth around the tree until it was planted.

The hymn, "America," was rendered in signs by the choir, after which the exercises concluded. The rest of the afternoon was spent out-of-doors, as the day was a very fine one.

Just before the pupils left the chapel for the place of planting on Arbor Day, Principal Currier gave

an illustration showing that continuity would always win in the end. He prepared two sets of medals last year, for the Senior and Junior basketball teams, to be given to the team which would win the championship. The teams made up were named after the best colleges in the United States. The members of the Junior Yale team won the championship of their class, and Principal Currier called them upon the platform and presented them each with a silver medal. The medals are beautiful in design, the centre being enameled with a picture of a basketball, with a border of silver on which are the words—"Champions, 1901-1902." The whole hangs from a bar on which the word "Junior" is inscribed. There were no Senior medals to be presented as they did not complete the series, but gave it up because they were tired, lacked continuity and failed in exhibiting that strenuousness necessary to complete their series. It is to be hoped that "never again" will like happen. He hoped that he would be able to present the Senior medals next year to the same Junior winners of this year. The members of the winning team are Cadets J. Byck, Capt., A. Knipe, S. Goldstein, W. Fish, F. Lux. Below is given the schedule of their games:—

Nov. 2—Yale 3, Cornell 0.
Nov. 9—Yale 9, Princeton 12.
Nov. 16—Yale 4, Columbia 0.
Nov. 23—Yale 4, Princeton 4.
Dec. 7—Yale 12, Columbia 1.
Dec. 14—Yale 9, Cornell 5.
Jan. 4—Yale 9, Cornell 4.
Jan. 11—Yale 9, Princeton 4.
Jan. 18—Yale 11, Columbia 3.
Feb. 8—Yale 9, Princeton 5.
March 15—Yale 7, Columbia 10.

The standing of the other teams was as follows:—

Team	Won	Lost	Per cent.
Yale	9	2	81.9
Cornell	7	4	63.3
Princeton	5	6	45.5
Columbia	1	10	9.1

The baseball fever still holds sway at Fanwood. After the exercises on Arbor Day, having nothing to do, Captains "Doyle" Van Tassel and "Van Hultren" Cook decided to play the remaining game to settle their rivalry. So the game was begun in earnest and was a very exciting one. Al' went well until the sixth inning, when it came to a bad ending. The score tallied ten runs for each side. The decision of the umpire regarding whether a ball was foul or fair, started a wrangle; at the conclusion of which, one of "Van Hultren's" players refused to play, so the game was declared forfeited. Captain "Doyle" is all smiles now.

The most interesting game occurred Saturday afternoon, between the Faculty and Fanwoods, on the boys' campus. A shower came up just before the game began and continued about half an hour, after which the rest of the afternoon was gloomy and rather chilly; but the game was as exciting as ever. The one chosen as umpire to perform the arduous duties of giving satisfaction to everybody, was Mr. Fox. He came down with a brace of pistols in his belt, ready for anything, come what may. Most of the runs on each side were made through the basemen miffing the ball thrown to them to prevent players stealing bases. There were several brilliant plays as well as bad ones. Among the former, one that deserves commendation was made by Van Tassel in the second inning, when he first faced the pitcher. He had three balls and two strikes on him, and spectators ridiculed him because of two strikes. He silenced them the next minute by sending the ball soaring through space so far that he made a home run. The Fanwoods are rejoicing over their victory, and are ready to meet their opponents again at any time. The day was not pleasant and the girls were kept indoors, but they witnessed the game from the windows of the school building. The score:—

FACULTY	A	B	R	H	P	O	A	E
Cook, 1b., p.	5	1	1	9	3	0	0	
Hodgson, s. s.	6	0	1	0	1	1	0	
Cooke, 3b.	5	3	3	0	0	1	0	
Linder, c. f.	5	3	1	6	0	4	0	
Van Tassel, p., 1b.	5	2	2	3	1	1	0	
Banks, r. f.	5	1	0	0	0	0	0	
Jones, c. f.	3	1	2	0	0	0	0	
Maynard, l. f.	4	0	1	0	0	0	0	
Poppinger, 2b.	1	1	1	1	0	0	0	
Total	43	13	13	24	9	10	0	

FANWOOD	A	B	R	H	P	O	A	E
McAllister, 3b.	5	2	2	5	0	0	0	
Tompetto, s. s.	6	1	1	1	2	0	0	
Eldridge, r. f.	5	3	2	0	0	0	0	
Stern, 2b., p.	6	2	1	6	1	2	0	
Holmes, c. f.	6	0	2	4	1	0	0	
Powell, l. f.	5	0	0	0	0	0	0	
Berg, A. c. f.	5	4	3	1	0	0	0	
Westlake, p., 2b.	5	3	2	1	1	1	0	
Seelig, c.	5	3	2	11	0	0	0	
Total	49	18	15	27	5	3	0	

INNINGS	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
FACULTY	0	1	4	0	2	0	0	5	12
FANWOOD	1	1	5	0	4	0	3	x	18

Stolen bases—Cooke, Eldridge, Seelig. Base on balls—Off Cook, 2; off Linder, 1; off Westlake, 2; off Stern, 4. Struck out: By Cook, 4; by Linder, 7; by Westlake, 4; by Stern, 5. Hit by pitched ball—By Stern, 1. Two-base hits—Eldridge, Berg, 2; Cook, 1. Three-base hits—Westlake, Cooke, Van Tassel. Home run—Van Tassel. Left on bases—Faculty, 7; Fanwood, 8. Passed balls—Linder, 3. Umpire—Mr. T. F. Fox and Mr. A. Capelli. Time of game—Two hours.

Last Saturday evening, in the chapel, before the members of the Fanwood Literary Association, Mr. Clarke gave a lecture, his subject being "Aerial Navigation." He described balloons, the incidents that followed the first ascension, and other interesting things that have happened since its beginning, over a hundred years ago. On the slates was a picture of Mr. Santos Dumont and his airship, No. 6, and

with this, Mr. Clarke described the mechanism. In all, the lecture was an interesting one and a vote of thanks was given him at its conclusion.

Ping-pong is beginning to be popular here. One of the teachers has a set, and the boys' sitting-room is the place where they may be seen playing or practicing almost every night after the boys have gone to bed. There they played in security for several nights, when the cadet officers discovered them and became interested, as well as amused spectators. They were not spectators long, for they soon became enthusiastic players themselves. Principal Currier was the next to become a player. He defeated Capt. Renner. By the rapid way he has learned the game, he bids fair to become an expert soon. Miss Forsythe seems to be the most devoted to the game.

Work has been begun towards building the new fire escapes for the north and south wings of the Institution.

Mr. Fred. Meinken was a visitor Friday evening last week.

The boys' new summer uniforms arrived last week, and have been tried on. They were made by Ridaback & Co.

The Institution painter, Mr. Cooke, and his class of boys, have been busy the past week painting the fences around the school grounds. The iron-work and doors of the trades-school building have received a new coat of green. Nature has also been at work, for the lawns, trees and shrubs on the school grounds are now of a beautiful green color.

One day last week, Miss Kipp, Sergeant A. Borg, and Captain Renner, accompanied by Miss Hall, went to the Ankophont Co.'s office on 20th Street, and, with the exception of Miss Hall, all had their pictures taken while using the Akoulakon. When it was known that they were to be photographed, oh, my! you ought to have seen the first named person get ready to face the camera.

NEW YORK.

An Evening of Illusion and Jugglery.

SOME SOCIAL PARTIES.

Mrs. Syle's Lecture -- Two Weddings -- Events in Brief.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

Moses Smith became a grandpapa for the fourth time on April 28th. The baby boy came just in time to celebrate the entrance of his pa into the Civil Service, in the Treasury Department, at Washington.

Misses Margaret Talley, Bella Bensinger and Elizabeth Weeks are now employed at their trade of dressmaking in the same building, the St. Mary Building, though by different firms.

Mr. James Blackledge, of Closter, N. J., and Miss Katie Schuermann, of Demarest, N. J., will be married at the bride's residence on the evening of Thursday, May 26th. The bride-to-be is a sister of Mr. Henry Schuermann.

Henry B. Schuermann, who for a number of years has resided at Closter, N. J., moved last week with his parents to Demarest, Bergen County. Messrs. Hockstahl and Maynard visited the new home last Sunday, and were shown all over the place. The mansion is quite spacious, containing about eighteen rooms. The grounds embrace about twenty-five acres, with barn and outbuildings, with a trout brook flowing through the premises, and a large pond, about six feet deep, that will yield in winter sufficient ice to last them the summer. There are numerous fruit trees of various kinds, and the soil is well adapted for cultivation purposes. Mr. Schuermann and the others of the family are well pleased with their new home.

The magical entertainment given under the auspices of the society of deaf members at the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, on the evening of April 29th, was a most pronounced success, and far exceeded the expectations of those who had charge of the affair. The handsome parlor was crowded, the providential rainstorm relieving courtly head usher Baxter and his assistants of the difficulty of seating the other good friends who would otherwise have come. Many of the members brought along their parents, sisters and beaux, so that the assemblage comprised a large part of the hearing people, and also a number of the trustees, who have on all occasions shown a deep interest in Dr. Johnston's deaf class.

The Wizard Krieger has lost none of his cunning, and with one stroke of his wand, he summoned all his legerdemain spirits, and for two hours enlivened the throng with his mystifying tricks.

Yonna, in royal Japanese robe, fascinated the audience by the ease and grace with which he accomplished the difficult feats of balancing and juggling, some of which were most amazing. Mrs. Driscoll played the piano to the rhythmic accompaniment of his juggling, and at the moment of "good night," every one declared they had had a good time.

A most enjoyable surprise party was given to Miss Ruffy Krause, on May 3d, at her residence. She was agreeably surprised to find such a number of her friends and schoolmates at her home when she came home from a friend's house with her brother, who had induced her to go for a short call, very much against her wishes. It was raining and she had been wondering all the time at the senselessness of going out just then and in such weather. Among the up-to-date games indulged in, were Ping-Pong, quoits, pillow-dex, and a Cinderella party, in which each guest tried, blind-folded, to act as Prince Charming, and put the slipper where it should be. Needless to state, some slippers went to queer places. Prizes were awarded the lucky ones in each game. A fine collation, tastefully placed amid flowers, was served, consisting of chicken-salad, tongue-sandwiches, celery, lemonade, assorted cakes, bonbons, nuts, and cafe au lait, all of which was daintily prepared under the supervision of Mrs. Krause. After supper, dancing and a few old-fashioned games, which never really grow old, were indulged in, and then the guests departed. About twenty-five in all were present, twelve being deaf. Much of the evening's pleasure was due to the untiring efforts of Mr. and Mrs. Krause and their son,

Oscar, as well as to some hearing friends.

On Wednesday last, Miss M. Cava, a sister of Frank Cava, well known in deaf athletic circles, was united in marriage to Mr. Frank Corelli, a gentleman of some reputation, at the Catholic Church, on 116th Street. The father, Mr. Carmine Cava, is one of the wealthiest persons in the "Italian colony" in New York. He conducts a banking house on Mulberry Street. The ceremony was a very elaborate one. The couple received many beautiful presents. A large number of friends witnessed the ceremony, and then sat down to a luxurious supper. Among the deaf-mutes present were Messrs. Greenbaum and Banner. The happy couple have started on their honeymoon trip, and are expected to make their residence in this city upon their return.

Mrs. M. J. Syle, of Philadelphia, is a great success on the lecture platform. In the first place the audience was quite a large one. Secondly, the lecturer treated her subject, "My Trip to England, Scotland and Ireland," in such a charming way that the entire assemblage watched her every motion with absorbing interest. She prefaced her story with a few reminiscences concerning her girlhood in New York, and then passed rapidly over the events of her journey across the Atlantic and round about in Great Britain. She told of the country, the people, the scenes and incidents, the cathedrals, and drew comparisons between the deaf of the United States and those of the United Kingdom. She was given an enthusiastic vote of thanks at the close of her discourse.

On Sunday, May 4th, a party was tendered to Mrs. Mary Metzner, on the anniversary of her birthday, by her deaf and hearing friends. An excellent supper was served, and the party had a merry time. Mrs. Metzner received many presents from her friends. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Frey and children, Mr. and Mrs. Weiss, Mr. and Mrs. Biller, Mr. and Mrs. Max Levy, Mr. and Mrs. Jacobs, Messrs. Harth, Clark, Hatowsky, and Misses Fannie Stein, Lovitch and Berliner.

Mrs. Edward Kallenbaum and daughter, Annie, sailed for Brunswick, Germany, Tuesday, May 6th, to visit her mother and relatives. In June she will go to Hanover to attend a church festival of the deaf-mutes, and will call on the relatives of Miss M. Walbrecht, who is now in New York. She will return to America in a few months, but her daughter will remain in Germany for an indefinite time.

Rev. Dr. Johnston had an engagement in another church last Sunday evening, and Dr. Thomas C. Hall, professor in the Union Theological Seminary, and son of the late Dr. John Hall, preached a beautiful sermon to the deaf, his text being Christ's talk to the woman at the well of Samaria. Miss Mary Pfeiffer rendered the hymn, "Saviour, Teach Me."

Movements will soon be in progress for the organization of the "1903" Lexington A. A. football eleven, which this year will eclipse its previous record by the additional strength it will have. The candidates for the team will be composed of deaf-mutes who know the game, regardless of their *Alma Mater*.

Rev. S. Stanley Searing conducted the services at St. Ann's last Sunday, and administered the Holy Communion. His sermon was at once simple, interesting and practical. His signs are very clear, and every one who attended the service felt that they were gainers by it. Several expressed the hope that Rev. Searing would be at St. Ann's again before long.

James H. Caton was in the city last week, as cheerful and as bright as of yore. Considering his triple affliction—deaf, dumb and blind—one can not help admiring his keen intelligence and invariable good nature. He most truly looks with inward eye upon the bright side of life.

Miss Blanche Keitel and Mr. Abraham A. Marks, former pupils of the Lexington Avenue School, will join hands on September 6th, and vowing allegiance to each other, in the presence of their parents, relatives and friends, be pronounced by their Church husband and wife.

A wedding of interest took place on Wednesday, April 30th, when Miss Estella Delavane Romaine became the bride of Mr. Charles William Von Shaden. Dr. H. A. Johnston officiated, using the Presbyterian form in signs and orally.

Miss Sarah Finn is gradually recovering from the operation recently performed in a New York hospital to remove a tumor. At one time she was thought to be dying, but happily she recovered.

Charles J. Le Clercq is an ardent disciple of Izaak Walton. On beautiful sunshiny Sunday, he was seen drawing in striped bass from a shoveling rock at Fort Washington Point.

Following in the steps of their father, the brothers, Shepard and James Goldberg, brothers of Mr. Samuel Goldberg, a member of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, will establish a wholesale liquor establishment.

Mr. W. W. Thomas reached Southern Pines, S. C., safely on May 1st. He has gone South for the purpose of taking a much needed rest. He will remain there two months.

Charles H. Cooper goes to Albany on Saturday, and after a short stay there and at other places, will return to his Watertown home. He had a pleasant visit of three weeks in this city.

The newcomer who dropped into the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bernhardt on Easter Day was christened Alma, instead of Frances, as the parents had intended.

Miss Marguerite Talley's eldest sister, Mrs. Katherine Ryan, died suddenly on Wednesday, April 30th. Her husband and two children survive her.

A boy baby weighing 10 pounds, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Goldfogle on the 30th of April. Mother and baby are doing well.

Mr. and Mrs. Frelick, of Stamford, Ct., were in town last Sunday, and attended the services at St. Ann's.

Rev. Dr. Chamberlain has fully recovered from his recent attack of erysipelas.

Interesting Features at the Eden Musee.

The Eden Musee has long been famed for its many varied and interesting attractions. The management is always striving to secure the special features that will interest and attract its patrons. It is in this way that the reputation of the Musee has been built up. Just at present the Musee has more attractions than it has ever had. Among the wax groups there have been many changes. At least a dozen new groups have been added and the older groups have been remodelled and rearranged. Last week two new groups were placed on exhibition, one showing the oration over the body of Caesar and the other showing the Van Wormer boys in Danemora Prison, awaiting execution for the murder of their uncle, Peter Hallenbeck. Each afternoon and evening the new orchestra of twelve artists presents a special programme of vocal and classical instrumental music. Each concert is different, and the music is of such a high order and so well rendered that the Musee is becoming one of the best known musical centers in the city. The attraction at the Musee which is of special interest to all is the Cinematograph. On this wonderful machine the reputation of the Musee has greatly increased. The best pictures that can be secured anywhere are purchased by the Musee and exhibited. Frequently the Musee makes special arrangements and has its own artist take the pictures. On a number of occasions the Musee has taken pictures of important events and flashed them upon the screen the same evening. This was notably true in the case of the launching of the German Emperor's yacht while Prince Henry was in this country. This picture has given so much satisfaction that it is shown each afternoon and evening. The pictures are shown in series of twelve each and a different series is shown each hour during the day and evening. Thus visitors have an opportunity to see as many pictures as they desire. The pictures shown include scenes from every country. One shows travelers climbing the Alps and another shows the "Fool-Killer" going through the Rapids at Niagara. Many of the pictures are of the mysterious order, and they will astonish visitors because they show ghosts and fairies, and queer people do all sort of queer things.

The teachers' meeting Thursday afternoon was addressed by Rev. S. S. Palmer who gave a very interesting talk of a visit he made to Hawaii, and what he saw of the place and its people.

The Sunday out-of-town visitors were Messrs. J. B. Benedict, and Charles Newton Beatty, of Akron, Wm. Freyer, and L. Young, of Wapakoneta, A. Unkrich, Chris. Weyler, and Chas. Lieving, of Cincinnati, E. Burcham, of Shawnee, and the Whitehead brothers, of Lawrence County.

Emma Tadge, a first year pupil, died of her home this week. She was attacked with bronchial pneumonia in the early winter and later had an attack of scarlet fever. When sufficiently well enough of the latter she was taken home. She seemed to be getting along nicely, when next she was taken down with appendicitis. This proved fatal for the weakened child.

Principal Patterson gave the Clonian Society and interesting talk on the life of Abbe Sicard, Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Jones, superintendent and matron, bade inmates of the Home goodbye, Thursday. The parting was rather sad for all, as the close association for the past three years had cemented close friendships. However, Superintendent and Mrs. Byers were heartily welcomed, and the old people know that in them they have good friends.

Dr. Zubiaur made a tour of the Schools last Friday, and was greatly interested in what he saw. He is connected with the Argentine Republic national Board of Educa-

OHIO.

Pupils Attend the Circus.

JOHN W. HINES DEAD.

Brevities.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 908 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

The Wallace Show was in town yesterday. Previous to its coming, there had been whisperings that the pupils would attend it, and such proved to be a fact. Shortly after chapel the whole school marched over to Long Street, to witness the parade. This was so long in coming that the children were returned to the Institution without getting a glimpse of it, for dinner was served an hour earlier than usual, eleven o'clock, and it was that time when the Institution was reached. At twelve, the pupils with their teachers, marched over to St. Clair and Garfield Avenues, where the "tented town" held forth. On the way, a few gentle showers fell, but they had no effect in dampening the interest in view. Once inside the tents, the elephants, camels, lions, ponies, tigers, sea lions and other attractions became the chief interest of the children. All the pupils, and those accompanying them, had secured seats in the circus before the crowd was allowed in. The performances were really first-class and many of the features new to old-time circus goers. The nonsensical pranks of the clowns afforded laughter enough to one to last for a while. The chariot, horse and pony races, were thrilling. The Wallace Show is a good one, and one gets his money's worth in attending it.

Word was received yesterday morning by Principal Patterson from Jeffersonville, that Mr. John W. Hines had expired that morning, and that the funeral would be held to-morrow, Sunday. Mr. Hines had been a sufferer for a year or more from dropsy, and his end came not entirely unexpectedly. He was about sixty years age at the time of his death. He entered the Institution as a pupil in 1854, remaining seven years. He had been a farmer all his life. In 1867 he was married to Miss L. A. Redington, who survives him, "also one son, Frank, the only issue of the union. Mr. Hines was a good man and respected by the community in which he lived. He was in attendance at the reunion last August.

We had the pleasure of a call on Mr. Robert E. Bray last evening, and found him a very pleasant and agreeable gentleman to converse with. He has made quite a name for himself as an artist in stained glass, and has given evidence of his work in a number of cities on this side of the big pond. He is a native of England, and, judging from our talk with him, he is loyal to his sovereign, Edward VII. He has had the honor of conversing with the late Queen Victoria. Also an aunt of his was employed in the household of the late queen. Mr. Bray has been in Columbus about a month, and is working in the glass works south of the city, which, by the way (the works) are said to be the finest in the country. Mr. Bray thinks Columbus a very fine city, but as to its water, it does not agree with him.

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Dr. Zubiaur made a tour of the Schools last Friday, and was greatly interested in what he saw. He is connected with the Argentine Republic national Board of Educa-

tion and his visits to the schools for the deaf is to glean information for his country.

Same old story: Independents defeated. The Otterbein Club, with the assistance of their umpire, beat them 10 to 9.

Mrs. Ella A. Zell left last evening for Washington, D. C., where she will spend a week. She will represent the Ohio Institution at the Presentation Day Exercises of Gallaudet College Wednesday, on which occasion four "Buckeyes" will be presented for diplomas.

The daily gymnasium Exercises closed April 30th. Mr. Albert Ohlemacher, the instructor in charge, departed for his home Friday noon. His vacation last till November.

May 3, 1902. A. B. G.

Rochester, N. Y.

The friends and acquaintances of Mr. H. Ward Smith will be sorry to learn of his death, which occurred lately. Mr. Smith was an uncle of Mr. Harry Brenner.

Mr. Bertram Stevens is the happy possessor of a five-pound note, sent to him by his grandfather in England, as a wedding gift. This amounts to twenty-five dollars in American currency, and Mr. Stevens has bought a parlor table with part of it, and the remainder he will keep for further use.

The Ephphatha Mission for the Deaf of this city, had a "rubber social" at the Parish of St. Luke's Church, Thursday evening, April 24th, for the benefit of the building fund. A large amount of rubber was collected, and Mr. Henry Kimmel secured highest honors in bringing the largest amount of rubber, in the form of old rubbers, rubber boots and rubber hose. At the beginning of the evening amusements were planned under the leadership of Mrs. Edward Timmerman and Mrs. John Francis. A large number were present, and took part in the games and evening amusements.

One special feature of the evening was to be blind-folded and hopping around the room with a lighted candle in one hand, and trying to blow out lights held by others. Mr. Louis Hicks secured first prize, a handsome statuette, and after this followed the refreshments. Ice cream and cake were sold. The proceeds all went to the building fund.

On the nineteenth of April a very pleasant surprise party was given in honor of Mr. George Davis, by his wife. With the help of Mrs. Lung, Mrs. Davis managed to get several nudes of this city to be present at the home of Mr. Dantzer, on Mason Street, before eight in the evening, and then all went down to Mr. Davis' home. Mr. Davis being at home alone asleep in the rocker, was rudely awakened by a loud noise in the hall, and on opening the door he found Mrs. Davis with Mrs. Lung, followed by Mr. and Mrs. Dantzer, Miss McClurg, Mr. Ed. Oliver and Mr. Albert Kowski. Being unprepared for so many, his wife explained the situation, and he hastily excused himself from their presence, and arranged himself in court attire. After a while the guests were invited to the dining room, where they were told a game was to be played. It was to make sketches on paper pinned to the wall, blind-folded, and to have the rest guess what the sketch represented. The one who had the largest number correct got a prize, and it was awarded to Mrs. Dantzer. The booby prize went to Mr. Kowski, who got none but his own right. Mrs. Dantzer received a beautiful china teapot as a prize, and Mr. Kowski, a "Coon's Tooth Puzzle."

After this the guests assembled in the parlor and sitting room, and Mrs. Davis served coffee and cake, and then followed rolling the pie-tin game, the losers paying a fine or forfeit, and after a while Mr. Dantzer was elected the oracle, and Mrs. Davis the goddess. Mr. Dantzer proved to be a better oracle than the famed oracle at Delphi, and Mrs. Davis a favorite goddess of fortune. The guests all performed their part with great dignity and obedience, and when the end came it was almost midnight, and every one scrambled off to the cars, after thanking and assuring Mrs. Davis the evening had been spent pleasantly and profitably.

Mrs. Dantzer will have a lawn fête at her home May 20th, for the benefit of the mission fund. Mr. Dantzer has gone into poultry business, and we hope the hens won't interfere in the lawn gathering.

The 30th of May is the day selected for a picnic among the deaf of this city just for fun, in one of Rochester's swell Parks.

"SILAS."

CHURCH NOTICES.

SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION, MAY 11TH, AT 3 P.M.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn.

Gallaudet Home.

Parishioner's meeting in St. Ann's Guild room, Tuesday evening, May 13th. All are welcome.

CHICAGO.

An Exciting Time at the Club.

A ROYAL COMMAND.

News of the Week.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The Pas-a-Pas Club held its regular business meeting, last Saturday evening, at its new headquarters, at 77 South Clark Street, second floor, which was formerly occupied by Chicago Chess Club. It held a largely attended, and very interesting and exciting meeting. Mr. Charles Kessler was in the chair. Messrs. Champion L. Buchanan and George Cartter were the latest applicants for membership, and a committee was appointed to report the same at the next meeting. The committee, no doubt, will pass an unanimous vote in favor of Mr. Buchanan, and following the club will accept the committee's report. The report of the entertainment committee was not given, as it ought to have been as usual, on account of absence of the chairman, Mr. Sansom, though he has returned from his vacation. Then the meeting was adjourned earlier than the usual hour.

Mr. O. H. Regensburg, "Our Oscar," is getting a greater and greater man every day. Say, does his name reach the royal ears of King Edward through the JOURNAL? King Edward has just commanded Mr. Regensburg to be present at the Abbey of Westminster, on the 28th day of June, and also to shut up his business place during the period of the ceremony of the coronation. Now Mr. Regensburg does not know whether he is a lowly subject of Great Britain, or a respected citizen of the United States. So does Rev. Philip Joseph Hasenstab get the command, also, but he will not obey and keeps on preaching in Illinois. They both received the following paper:—

[SEAL.] "The Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Imperial India and the British Colonial Possessions beyond the Seas greet thee and command thy presence at the Abbey of Westminster, in the ancient city of London, on the twenty-eighth day of June, Anno Domini one thousand nine hundred and two, Anno Regni one thousand and two, on the occasion of the solemn ceremony, the coronation of the son and heir of the reigning house and prince of the blood royal, Albert Edward George Plantagenet William St. Leager Percy Guelph James Bittinger Gower Wettin Fitzmaurice, Knight of the Garter, Knight of the Bath, Knight of the Golden Fleece, and possessor of numerous and various other most noble and exalted titles as Edward VII. by the grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, King Defender of the Faith and Emperor of India."

Literature is the record of the soul of man, the comment of genius on the experience of life, the interpretation of the struggles and triumphs of the human soul; it is a guide book, a dictionary which explains the hard words in our daily life. Literature interprets our failures, sanctifies our defeats; it helps in our daily perplexities because it tells us how others have gone over the old road. It gives us companionship whether in joy or misery, love or yearning. An invitation is again and always, extended to all who do not belong to the Literary Circle, and hand your name to the president, Mr. Regensburg, and be present and glean with us the "strength for daily needs" which the study of great literature gives. Mr. J. C. Howard, of Duluth, Minn., will give a lecture on the 31st of May, and Memorial exercises will be given too. After the program the election of new officers will take place.

Mrs. E. D. Hunter's sister died last week. A farewell party intended to be given last Saturday in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Hunter, who are to move to the country, was cancelled on that account.

Business place and barn of Mr. J. A. Magnuson, father of our club member of that name, were destroyed by fire recently. Four highly priced horses perished in the fire. The loss was fully covered by insurance, and Mr. Magnuson is now ready for business and is able to fill all orders for coal, wood, flour, feed and hay, at rear of his residence for the present, a new place and barn being started to be rebuilt.

The Chicago readers of the JOURNAL were delighted with the "Californy letter" and "Saint Louis News." Do furnish more from time to time brethren.

A photo card of Mrs. Frank Laughlin (*nee Dice*) received by a Chicago lady was shown around the other day. Her old schoolmates could hardly recognize it, for it seemed she has grown more womanly. She was graduated from the Illinois School in 1879, and

was married to a brother of Mr. Charles Laughlin, who for several years taught at the Illinois School, and resigned in 1870. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Laughlin are now living in Kansas City, and have two grown-up sons. The youngest is now attending the Fulton School.

Mrs. Philip J. Hasenstab was surprised by her lady friends at her residence, No. 3241 Forest avenue, last Monday afternoon. Light refreshments were served. Later particulars to be given next week.

The hat factory where Mr. Jacob Gotthainer works, was partially destroyed by fire last week.

CHICAGO.

WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

Rev. Mr. F. C. Smileau was in this city two weeks ago.

Messrs. August Hinz and Chas. Allen have returned home, after a sojourn of several weeks with their parents, near Wilkes Barre.

Mr. Joseph Kurath, of Reading, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Eigenbrodt two weeks ago. He returned home last week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Eigenbrodt spent two weeks' vacation with the latter's sister at South Danville, recently.

Mrs. John Eigenbrodt's uncle, James Dawson, of Potter County, has secured a position at the Williamsport Furniture factory here.

Mr. Jacob Lupold has secured a position as skilt presser at the Lyeonning Skirt factory here.

Mr. Eli E. Ponnessmith, of Harrisburg, is spending some time with his brother, Geo. W. Ponnessmith.

The Lyeonning Pants and Skirt factory, where a few deaf-mutes are working, started up again two weeks ago, after a month's shut down.

Messrs. Chas. W. Longenberger, Joseph Kurath, Geo. W. Ponnessmith, Chas. Allen, August Hinz and John Eigenbrodt visited the famous Sulphur Spring, near Burlington, Pa.

The Dayton Shoe factory started up after a few days' vacation, recently. Mr. Clapp is working there.

Mr. Bruce Smith was at Muncy three weeks ago.

The famous Wallace Circus will be in this city May 19th. Deaf-mutes of this city will have a chance to see it.

George E. Riegle moved from Centre Street to Sixth Avenue, two months ago. He is working as baggage master on the Pennsylvania Railroad, between Williamsport and Harrisburg. He is the brother of William H. Riegle.

Messrs. John Eigenbrodt and William H. Riegle were at the Susquehanna Dye Works, two weeks ago.

Mr. August Hinz is the tallest young man among the deaf-mutes of this city.

The famous "Eight Bells Company" will soon be in town. Many deaf-mutes expect to see the play.

W. H. R.

CONCERNING PROCTORS.

May 12—17.

"Peaceful Valley," which will served Sol Smith Russell as a successful play, will be presented by the Proctor Stock Co. at the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street. Alden Bass, who has been especially engaged to present the principal character. His personal resemblance and imitation of the late comedian is said to be striking to a degree. The Proctor players may be depended upon to give him excellent support. Haines and Vidoec and Clarice Vance will be the vaudeville features. Pin trays bearing a photograph of Frederic Bond will be given to the ladies as daily matinee souvenirs.

"The Deacon's Daughter," a play which recalls pleasant memories of Annie Pixley, will be the Fifth Avenue's offering by the Proctor Stock. Hill and Silviang, expert bicycle tricksters, will lead the vaudeville delegation which hold attention between acts.

"On Probation" will be presented by the Proctor Stock at the Fifty-eighth Street, Mabel Montgomery leading. Two star vaudeville features especially appealing to ladies and children. Piccolo's Midgets and Fittet's Dogs will also appear. Beatrice Morgan's picture will adorn the pin trays which serve as souvenirs for ladies attending the matinees.

The Twenty-third Street's continuous vaudeville will employ two dozen clover specialties. Al Leach and the Three Rosebuds will be the headliners in their eccentric comedy skit, "The New Teacher." Prevost and Prevost, acrobatic comedians, will be special features.

Miss Abbie Buckley, a graduate of Fawcett, has been for several years an inmate of the Old Ladies' Home in Syracuse, N. Y. Miss Buckley was formerly employed in Gray Bros. shoe factory, but the introduction of labor saving machinery closed this avenue of livelihood. She was left an orphan at early age. Last winter she was very ill with pneumonia. She is always pleased to receive visits from friends and acquaintances and takes pleasure in showing callers through the Home.

Joseph D. Lever, of Ilion, N. Y., will sail for England on May 21st.

Proposed Every Day For a Year.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., April 28.—Robert Frick, a deaf-mute, was arrested to-day on a warrant sworn out by Mrs. Mary Shaw, a young widow, charging him with persecuting her. According to the woman's story, Frick has proposed marriage to her every day for a year, making his avowal by the deaf and dumb language, which she had learned. When the case was called the woman relented, and Frick was dismissed without warning against continuance of his noiseless adoration.



No pencils needed.

We've a deaf-mute salesman for deaf-mutes—a convenience no other store we know of can offer.

Mr. A. L. Thomas is his name—his business is to make purchasing pleasant for our deaf-mute friends.

Everything man or boy wears is here—clothing, furnishings, hats and shoes.

At our new store, Broadway and 13th Street, New York.

We fill orders by mail; delivered free within 100 miles; send anything anywhere on approval.

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Preferred Stock is \$50 per share, 5 per cent. is guaranteed on this stock. Common Stock is \$25 per share. It will pay at least 6 per cent. from the start.

For further particulars and a list of stockholders, address

JAY COOKE HOWARD, Secretary.
DULUTH, MINNESOTA.

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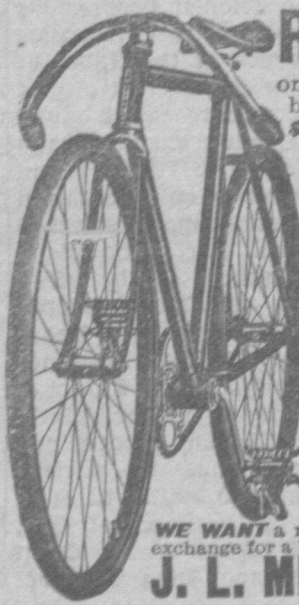
PICNIC and
GAMES

OF THE

New Jersey
Deaf-Mute
Society

Saturday, July 19, 1902.

[Particulars later.]



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one in each town to ride and exhibit a sample 1902 model bicycle of our manufacture. **YOU CAN MAKE \$10 TO \$50 A WEEK** besides having a wheel to ride for yourself.

High Grade Guaranteed **\$9 to \$15**

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500 Second Hand Wheels \$3 to \$8

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10 DAYS FREE TRIAL. You take no risk in ordering from us, as you do not need to pay a cent if the bicycle does not suit you.

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WE WANT a reliable person in each town to distribute catalogues for us in exchange for a bicycle. Write today for free catalogue and our special offer.

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ENTERTAINMENT
AND
RECEPTION
of the

Brooklyn Deaf-Mutes' Club

ARION HALL, Arion Pl. and B'way,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

ON
Saturday Evening,
May 10, 1902.

Music by Prof. Chas. A. Kleine.

THE PLAY WILL BE

HUMPTY DUMPTY and
HAPPY HOOLICAN

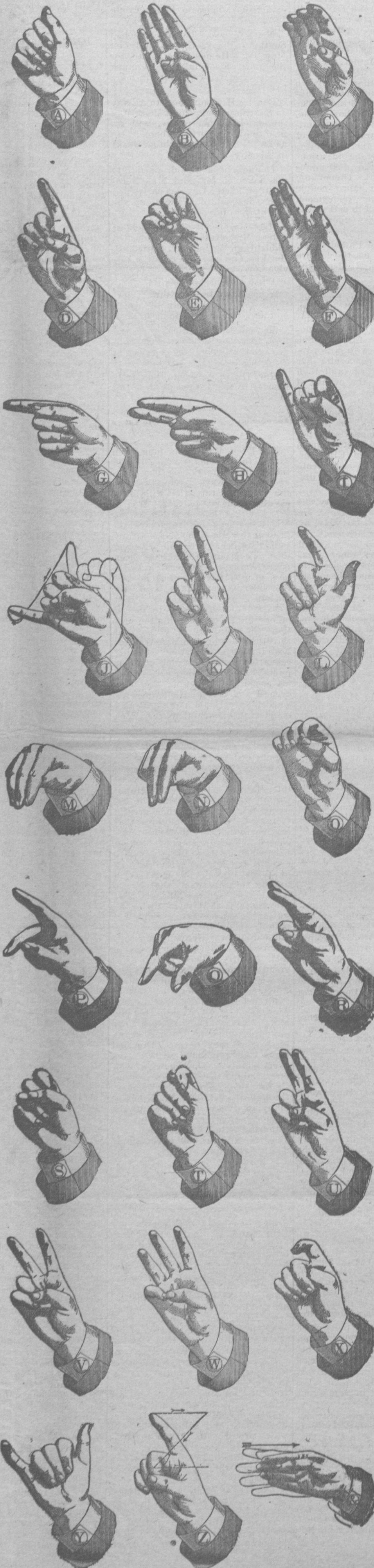
Take notice—This play will be run regardless of expense. There will be a real monkey, a billy goat and chickens.

Also Prof. Yoerger and his five-year old son will give a bag punching exhibition in his patented bag punching machine. The furniture and fixtures used at this play are the property of the Club.

The Hall will be handsomely decorated with fancy silk flags of all nations. There will be no reserved seats sold, so come early and get a good seat.

Gents' Tickets, (including hat check), 50 cents.
Ladies' " " " 25 cents.

American Manual Alphabet.



GALLAUDET HOME FOR
DEAF-MUTES.

THE carefully prepared plans for the new building on the old site, to be fire-proof and adapted to the needs of fifty inmates, each having a separate room, call for \$48,400 to complete the structure with its inside wood and iron work.

The Building Fund now amounts to \$48,150.38. Ten thousand (\$10,000) dollars more will be needed for heating, plumbing, lighting and incidentals. Much work has been accomplished, but the building will not be finished before next Summer.

Donations may be sent to:—

Mr. Walter S. Kemerys, Treasurer, 7 East 92d Street, New York City.

Rev. John Chamberlain, D.D., Assistant General Manager, 587 West 145th Street, New York City.

Mr. E. A. Hodgson, DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York City.

Mr. F. L. Seligey, Deaf-Mutes' Register, Rome, N. Y.

Rev. C. Orvis Dantzer, 11 Mason, Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Rev. H. Van Allen, Bath-on-the Hudson, N. Y.

or to the undersigned, 113 West 78th Street, New York City,

THOMAS GALLAUDET,
General Manager of

The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, incorporated in 1873, the Society to which the Gallaudet Home for Deaf-Mutes belongs.

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Photographs

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